THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 1, 1793.

Account of ſome curious Inſtitutions in the Middle Ages.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I Do not intend, by tranſmitting to you the following paper, to lay claim to the merit of making profound diſcoveries in antiquities; on the contrary, it will, I doubt not, occur to your remembrance, that the ſubſtance of what is here contained is to be found in Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry. But the cuſtoms are ſo curious in their nature, and ſo foreign to the manners of the preſent century, that I doubt not they may tend to the amuſement of ſome of the readers of your inſtructive Entertainer; eſpecially as they tend to ſhew how far the ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, and the moſt extravagant refinements of gallantry, mixed themſelves with the ferocious ſpirit of the wild, but ſplendid, era of romantic chivalry.

THE COURT OF LOVE.

THIS was a ſociety formed by thoſe high-prieſts of gallantry, the early poets, or Troubadours of Provence. It was ſhortly imitated by ſimilar eſtabliſhments in Gaſcony, Languedoc, Poictou, and Dauphiny. Picardy, the conſtant rival of Provence, had alſo its *Plaids et Cieux ſous l'Ormel*, an inſtitution differing from the former only in name.

Theſe eſtabliſhments conſiſted of Knights and Ladies of the higheſt rank, exerciſed and approved in courteſy, who aſ-

ſumed an abſolute judicial power in matters of the moſt delicate nature; trying, with the moſt conſummate ceremony, all caſes in love brought before their tribunals. Nor did their decrees receive effect from the voluntary ſubmiſſion only of their members; the general courteſy of the times ſtamped them with unqueſtionable authority, nor did the legiſlature itſelf diſdain to ſanction their deciſions.

Of this a remarkable inſtance is recorded which took place in France, in the year 1206; when application was made to the Queen, to reverſe a ſentence deemed unjuſt by the party, and which had been pronounced in the Love Pleas of one of theſe courts, in which the Counteſs of Champagne preſided. It was deemed, however, that decrees of this nature admitted of no appeal; and her Majeſty declared, that ſhe did not chooſe to interpoſe in a matter of ſuch conſequence, nor to ſcrutinize the decrees of a court whoſe power was abſolute, and whoſe deciſions were final; adding "God forbid that I ſhould preſume to contradict the ſentence of the Counteſs of Champagne."—So far may the manners, and even prejudices, of an age, ſometimes have a tendency to correct the haughtineſs even of deſpotic power!

The Fraternity of the Penitents of Love.

THIS inſtitution was eſtabliſhed in Languedoc, not long after thoſe we have juſt mentioned: and indeed, as it originated from the ſame principle, we are not to be ſurpriſed at finding it ſprout forth, in the ſame ſtate of general ſociety. The ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm which marked the religion of the age, had communicated their peculiarities to the military ſpirit, and even to the amorous paſſion of the times; and indeed, in no one caſe was it ever carried to a greater pitch of extravagance, than by the preſent fraternity; which was ſupported by a kind of contention between its male and female members, who ſhould beſt ſuſtain the honour of amorous fanaticiſm.

Their object was to prove the exceſs of their love, by bearing, with invincible conſtancy, the extremes of heat and of cold. Accordingly the reſolute knights and eſquires, the dames and damſels, who had the hardineſs to embrace this ſevere inſtitution, dreſſed themſelves, in the heat of ſummer, with the thickeſt mantles, lined with the warmeſt furs.

By this they demonſtrated, according to the ancient poets, and thoſe who ſtrove to immortalize their gallant virtues, that "Love works the moſt wonderful and extraordinary changes."

In winter, their love, ſtill deaf to the ignoble voice of comfort and convenience, again perverted the dictates of the ſeaſons. They then clothed themſelves in the lighteſt and thinneſt ſtuffs that could be procured. It was a crime to wear fur on a day of the moſt piercing cold; or to appear with a hood, cloak, gloves, or muff.

The flame of love kept them ſufficiently warm!

Fires all the winter were utterly baniſhed from their houſes; and they dreſſed their apartments with ever-greens; and in the moſt intenſe froſts, their beds were covered only with a piece of canvaſs.

Thus accommodated, and thus attired, they paſſed the greater part of the day abroad, wandering about from caſtle to caſtle, wherever they were ſummoned by the inviolable duties of love and gallantry; ſo that many of theſe devotees, during ſo deſperate a pilgrimage, periſhed by the inclemency of the weather; and received the crown of martyrdom to their profeſſion.

Is it not ſtrange that the ingenuity of man ſhould be ſo frequently and ſucceſsfully exerted to curtail life and to deſtroy its comforts? While, at the ſame time, he has never been aſhamed, in any age or country, to complain of the ſhortneſs of exiſtence, and the paucity of its enjoyments! The ſevere precepts of miſtaken religion, it ſeems, are ſometimes inſufficient for our torment, and we are obliged to pervert the ſources even of the deareſt delights and relaxations, to fill up the idle catalogue of voluntary ſufferings. In matters of love, however, at leaſt, we are at length grown wiſer; and the love-ſtricken maidens and amorous youths of the preſent day, prefer leſs ſevere ways of proving their attachment; and (notwithſtanding all the noiſe which is ſometimes made about antiquity, and I know not of what anceſtral reverence) permit me to ſay, in the language of the poet,

"Let ancient manners other men delight,
"But me the moderns pleaſe, as more polite."

To theſe curious eſtabliſhments, I ſhall only add the account of one more of a ſomewhat later date, and though of an equally fanciful, of a ſomething leſs ridiculous deſcription.

The Floral Games.

THESE were inſtituted in France in 1324, and filled the French poetry with allegorical images drawn from floral

and botanical objects: Such as "the flower of daisy," &c. of Froissart.

They were founded by Clementina Isaure, Countess of Toulouse, and annually celebrated in the month of May.

This lady published an edict, which assembled all the poets of France, to display their talents under the inspiring shade of artificial arbours, dressed with flowers; and he who produced the best poem, was rewarded with a violet of gold. There were also inferior prizes of flowers made in silver. In the mean time, the conquerors were crowned with natural chaplets of their own respective flowers: Each one, it seems, choosing his titulary flower, which acted as his guardian or inspiring saint in the sacred regions of Parnassus.

During the ceremony, degrees were also conferred. He who had won a prize three times, was created *Docteur en gaye Science*; for so the poetry of the Provencal Troubadours was denominated. The instrument of creation was in verse.

This institution, however fantastic, soon became common through the whole kingdom of France: And these romantic rewards, distributed with the most impartial attention to merit, at least infused a useful emulation, and in some measure revived the languishing genius of French poetry.

Those who are desirous of perusing the particulars of a variety of institutions similar to these, may refer to the third volume of Warton's English Poetry; notes of which, in particular, furnish abundant materials for illustrating the customs and character of the middle ages.

I am,

Sir, your's,

A GLEANER.

Short Account of the late Earl of Mansfield.

ON Wednesday March 20, 1793, this illustrious character departed this life at his seat at Caen Wood, in his 85th year. His Lordship was born March 2, 1708. He married September 1738, Elizabeth, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Earl of Winchelsea, who died in 1784, aged 76, and by whom he had no issue. He was created Baron of Mansfield on November 8, 1756, and Earl, with the same distinction, on October 19, 1776, with remainder to the heirs of

of his father David, fifth Viſcount Stormont, who had ſix ſons, of whom his Lordſhip was the fourth.

Lord Mansfield was a character of which there are few examples. In the very earlieſt period of life he was diſtinguiſhed for unuſual talents and ſtrength of genius. After having received the firſt rudiments of his education at Weſtminſter, he was entered a ſtudent of Chriſt Church College, Oxford, where he continued ſome years. In thoſe ſtudies he not only improved himſelf in the more ſolid branches of literature, but wrote ſome very elegant pieces of poetry, which were at that time much admired. One of them particularly is to be noticed, as having obtained him the firſt Univerſity prize for poetical productions in 1724.

On quitting the Univerſity he went abroad, where he remained ſome time, and on his return was admitted a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. His abilities ſoon became generally known, and his converſation and friendſhip were courted by all men of learning and wit. It was during his reſidence in Lincoln's Inn that he contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Pope, who dedicated to him that celebrated imitation of the firſt Ode of the 4th Book of Horace, which reflects equal honour on the genius of the poet, and the character of him to whom it was addreſſed.

In 1731 Mr. Murray was called to the bar, where his abilities ſoon procured him the beſt and moſt conſequential buſineſs at that time going forward in the ſeveral Courts.

In November 1742 he was made a King's Counſel, and appointed Solicitor General. At this period, he was choſen into Parliament, and continued to ſit in the Houſe of Commons till he was created a Peer.

In 1754 he was conſtituted Attorney General, and in 1756 ſucceeded Sir Dudley Rider as Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court of King's Bench. He was immediately afterwards created a Peer by the title of Baron Mansfield, and ſworn a Member of the Privy Council.

In 1757 he was choſen Chancellor of the Exchequer on the reſignation of Mr. Pitt, but ſoon quitted that poſt on his reappointment into office.

In 1776 he was advanced to the dignity of an Earldom.

In 1788 he reſigned all his public ſituations.

As a lawyer, he was undeniably the firſt, man of the age. His talents may be divided into two claſſes:—He poſſeſſed great learning, ſound knowledge, and deep literature; in argument, he was ſplendid, captivating, and ſtriking. He had

a fund

a fund of classical, historical, and legal information; his penetration was extraordinarily acute, and he was a master of every business which came within his jurisdiction.

His powers of oratory were irresistible—his voice harmonious—his manner graceful—his language elegant and pure—his style and diction forcible and perspicuous—his conception unusually quick, and his memory astonishingly tenacious.

To give Lord Mansfield his due, and what may speak more to his praise than comments on his public conduct, he was in private life, polite, hospitable, and benevolent. During the latter part of his existence he has lived secluded, except to a few particular persons, and has died revered by his friends, and regretted by all.

Lord Stormont succeeds to the title, and to the immense property of his Lordship. A vacancy in the representation of the Scotch Peerage will occur upon this promotion of Lord Stormont.

Lord Mansfield has died worth about 26,000l. a year, in mortgages—all of which, but 100,000l. on a noble Duke, are in Ireland.

There are left tenancies and legacies to the Misses Murray, the nieces, and to Sir Thomas Mills.

An Account of Alexander the Great's Expedition to India.

By Dr. ROBERTSON.

ABOUT an hundred and sixty years after the reign of Darius Hystaspes, Alexander the Great undertook his expedition into India. The wild sallies of passion, the indecent excesses of intemperance, and the ostentatious displays of vanity too frequent in the conduct of this extraordinary man, have so degraded his character, that the pre-eminence of his merit, either as a conqueror, a politician, or a legislator, has seldom been justly estimated. The subject of my present inquiry leads me to consider his operations only in one light, but it will enable me to exhibit a striking view of the grandeur and extent of his plans. He seems, soon after his first successes in Asia, to have formed the idea of establishing an universal monarchy, and aspired to the dominion of the sea, as well as of the land. From the wonderful efforts of the Tyrians in their own defence, when left without any ally or protector, he conceived an high opinion of the resources of maritime power,

and

and of the wealth to be derived from commerce, eſpecially that with India, which he found engroſſed by the citizens of Tyre. With a view to ſecure this commerce, and to eſtabliſh a ſtation for it, preferable in many reſpects to that of Tyre, as ſoon as he completed the conqueſt of Egypt, he founded a city near one of the mouths of the Nile, which he honoured with his own name; and with ſuch admirable diſcernment was the ſituation of it choſen, that Alexandria ſoon became the greateſt trading city in the ancient world; and, notwithſtanding many ſucceſſive revolutions in empire, continued, during eighteen centuries, to be the chief ſeat of commerce with India. Amidſt the military operations to which Alexander was ſoon obliged to turn his attention, the deſire of acquiring the lucrative commerce which the Tyrians had carried on with India, was not relinquiſhed. Events ſoon occurred, that not only confirmed and added ſtrength to his deſire, but opened to him a proſpect of obtaining the ſovereignty of thoſe regions which ſupplied the reſt of mankind with ſo many precious commodities.

After his final victory over the Perſians, he was led in purſuit of the laſt Darius, and of Beſſus, the murderer of that unfortunate monarch, to traverſe that part of Aſia which ſtretches from the Caſpian ſea beyond the river Oxus. He advanced towards the eaſt as far as Maracanda, then a city of ſome note, and deſtined, in a future period, under the modern name of Samarcand, to be the capital of an empire not inferior to his own in extent or power. In a progreſs of ſeveral months, through provinces hitherto unknown to the Greeks, in a line of march often approaching near to India, and among people accuſtomed to much intercourſe with it, he learned many things concerning the ſtate of a country that had been long the object of his thoughts and wiſhes, which increaſed his deſire of invading it. Deciſive and prompt in all his reſolutions, he ſet out from Bactria, and croſſed that ridge of mountains which, under various denominations, forms the Stony Girdle (if I may uſe an expreſſion of the Oriental geographers) which encircles Aſia, and conſtitutes the northern barrier of India.

The moſt practicable avenue to every country, it is obvious, muſt be formed by circumſtances in its natural ſituation, ſuch as the defiles which lead through mountains, the courſe of rivers, and the places where they may be paſſed with the greateſt eaſe and ſafety. In no place of the earth is this line of approach marked and defined more conſpicuouſly, than on the northern frontier of India; inſomuch that the three great invaders of

this country, Alexander, Tamerlane, and Nadir Shah, in three diſtant ages, and with views and talents extremely different, advanced by the ſame route, with hardly any deviation. Alexander had the merit of having firſt diſcovered the way. After paſſing the mountains, he encamped at Alexandria Paropamiſana, on the ſame ſite with the modern city Candahar; and having ſubdued or conciliated the nations ſeated on the north-weſt bank of the Indus, he croſſed the river at Taxila, now Attock, the only *place* where its ſtream is ſo tranquil that a bridge can be thrown over it.

After paſſing the Indus, Alexander marched forward in the road which leads directly to the Ganges, and the opulent provinces to the ſouth-eaſt, now comprehended under the general name of Indoſtan. But, on the banks of the Hydaſpes, known in modern times by the name of the Betah or Chelum, he was oppoſed by Porus, a powerful monarch of the country, at the head of a numerous army. The war with Porus, and the hoſtilities in which he was ſucceſſively engaged with other Indian princes, led him to deviate from his original route, and to turn more towards the ſouth-weſt. In carrying on theſe operations, Alexander marched through one of the richeſt and beſt peopled countries of India, now called the Panjab, from the five great rivers by which it is watered; and as we know that this march was performed in the rainy ſeaſon, when even Indian armies cannot keep the field, it gives an high idea both of Alexander's perſevering ſpirit, and of the extraordinary vigour and hardineſs of conſtitution which ſoldiers, in ancient times, derived from the united effects of gymnaſtic exerciſe and military diſcipline. In every ſtep of his progreſs, objects no leſs ſtriking than new preſented themſelves to Alexander. The magnitude of the Indus, even after he had ſeen the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris, muſt have filled him with ſurpriſe. No country he had hitherto viſited was ſo populous and well cultivated, or abounded in ſo many valuable productions of nature and of art, as that part of India through which he had led his army. But when he was informed in every place, and probably with exaggerated deſcription, how much the Indus was inferior to the Ganges, and how far all that he had hitherto beheld was ſurpaſſed in the happy regions through which that great river flows, it is not wonderful that his eagerneſs to view and to take poſſeſſion of them ſhould have prompted him to aſſemble his ſoldiers, and to propoſe that they ſhould reſume their march towards that quarter where wealth, dominion, and fame awaited them. But they had already done ſo much, and

had suffered so greatly, especially from incessant rains and extensive inundations, that their patience as well as strength were exhausted, and with one voice they refused to advance farther. In this resolution they persisted with such sullen obstinacy, that Alexander, though possessed in the highest degree of every quality that gains an ascendant over the minds of military men, was obliged to yield, and to issue orders for marching back to Persia.

The scene of this memorable transaction was on the banks of the Hyphasis, the modern Beyah, which was the utmost limit of Alexander's progress in India. From this it is manifest, that he did not traverse the whole extent of the Panjab. Its south-west boundary is formed by a river anciently known by the name of Hysudrus, and now by that of the Setlege, to which Alexander never approached nearer than the southern bank of the Hyphasis, where he erected twelve stupendous altars, which he intended as a monument of his exploits, and which (if we may believe the biographer of Apollonius Tyanæus) were still remaining, with legible inscriptions, when that fantastic sophist visited India, 373 years after Alexander's expedition. The breadth of the Panjab, from Ludhana on the Setlege to Attock on the Indus, is computed to be 259 geographical miles, in a straight line; and Alexander's march, computed in the same manner, did not extend above 200 miles. But, both as he advanced and returned, his troops were so spread over the country, and often acted in so many separate divisions, and all his movements were so exactly measured and delineated by men of science, whom he kept in pay for the purpose, that he acquired a very extensive and accurate knowledge of that part of India.

When, upon his return, he reached the banks of the Hydaspes, he found that the officers to whom he had given it in charge to build and collect as many vessels as possible, had executed his orders with such activity and success that they had assembled a numerous fleet. As amidst the hurry of war, and the rage of conquest, he never lost sight of his pacific and commercial schemes, the destination of this fleet was to sail down the Indus to the ocean, and from its mouth to proceed to the Persian Gulf, that a communication by sea might be opened with India and the centre of his dominions.

The conduct of this expedition was committed to Nearchus, an officer equal to that important trust. But as Alexander was ambitious to acquire fame of every kind, and fond of engaging in new and splendid undertakings, he himself ac-

companied Nearchus in his navigation down the river. The armament was, indeed, ſo great and magnificent, as deſerved to be commanded by the conqueror of Aſia. It was compoſed of an army of 120,000 men, and 200 elephants, and of a fleet of near 2000 veſſels, various in burden and form; on board of which one-third of the troops embarked, while the remainder marching in two diviſions, one on the right, and the other on the left, of the river, accompanied them in their progreſs. As they advanced, the nations on each ſide were either compelled or perſuaded to ſubmit. Retarded by the various operations in which this engaged him, as well as by the ſlow navigation of ſuch a fleet as he conducted, Alexander was above nine months before he reached the ocean.

Alexander's progreſs in India, in this line of direction, was far more conſiderable than that which he made by the route we formerly traced; and when we attend to the various movements of his troops, the number of cities which they took, and the different ſtates which they ſubdued, he may be ſaid not only to have viewed, but to have explored, the countries through which he paſſed. This part of India has been ſo little frequented by Europeans in later times, that neither the poſition of places, nor their diſtances, can be aſcertained with the ſame accuracy as in the interior provinces, or even in the Panjab. But from the reſearches of Major Rennell, carried on with no leſs diſcernment than induſtry, the diſtance of that place on the Hydaſpes, where Alexander fitted out his fleet from the Ocean, cannot be leſs than 1000 Britiſh miles. Of this extenſive region a conſiderable portion, particularly the Upper Delta, ſtretching from the capital of the ancient Malli, now Moultan, to Patala, the modern Tatta, is diſtinguiſhed for its fertility and population.

Soon after he reached the Ocean, Alexander, ſatisfied with having accompliſhed this arduous undertaking, led his army by land back to Perſia. The command of the fleet, with a conſiderable body of troops on board of it, he left to Nearchus, who, after a coaſting voyage of ſeven months, conducted it ſafely up the Perſian Gulf into the Euphrates.

In this manner did Alexander firſt open the knowledge of India to the people of Europe, and an extenſive diſtrict of it was ſurveyed with greater accuracy than could have been expected from the ſhort time he remained in that country.

Account

Account of the City Beejanuggar, ſituate on the Northern Frontier of Tippoo Sultan's Territory.

THE ruins of this city were viſited about a year ago by Lieutenant Emmit. They are in 15° 10′ N. L. and 76° 30′ E. L. on the ſouth bank of the Toombuddra river, oppoſite to the town and diſtrict of Annagoondy; the former of which is the reſidence, and the latter the eſtate of the deſcendant of the ancient Kings of Beejanuggar, who, 250 years ago, ruled the peninſula of India, then called the Empire of Canhara.—The ruins are ſituate among piles of rocks crowned with pagodas, ſurrounded by a wall on the eaſt ſide, and bounded by the Toombuddra river on the weſt. Lieutenant Emmit traced ſeveral ſtreets from 30 to 45 yards broad, one of which extends half a mile in length, having colonnades of ſtone on each ſide, and at the ſouth weſt end a pagoda in perfect repair.

Among theſe ruins are a number of ſtreams formerly employed to fill a great number of canals, the remains of which appear all over this once delightful place. At the foot of the ruins, the river in one place is but 16 yards broad; below which place there has been a ſtone bridge. Cæſar Frederick, who viſited Beejanuggar in 1565, ſays that it had a circuit of 24 miles. Major Rennel, in his new Memoir, juſt publiſhed, imagines Tippoo's reaſon for wiſhing to retain the circar of Annagoondy, inſtead of ceding it with the reſt of the lands in the Dooab, was for the accommodation of the deſcendant of the ancient Kings of Beejanuggar. The repreſentation of this great family, diſtinguiſhed by the title of Bayed, keeps an exact regiſter of the revolutions which happened within the circle of the empire of his anceſtors, in the hope of being reinſtated in his rights, though now reduced to a territorial income of 25,000l. incluſive of the regalities of a mint at Annagoondy, which he is ſuffered to enjoy through the compaſſionate policy of Tippoo, "and which, trifling as it is, (ſays the author of the Deccan, publiſhed in 1791) is yet more than he could expect from the exterminating ſyſtem of the Mogul and his delegates, or from the avaricious principles and national hatred of the Mahrattas."

Copy of the Inſcription on the Tomb-ſtone of Philip Thickneſſe, Eſq. put up at Boulogne, in France.

A Very decent monument has been lately erected in the Proteſtant burying-ground at Boulogne, in France, to the

memory of Philip Thicknesse, Esq. formerly of Bath.—A correspondent hath favoured us with the following copy of the inscription upon his tomb-stone:

PHILIP THICKNESSE,
Late LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of LANGUARD FORT, in ENGLAND,
(*Whose Remains were deposited in this Place on the 28th of November*, 1792,

Was a man of strict honour and integrity; few men had less failings, but fewer still possessed his eminent virtues.—His heart was ever open to relieve the distress of others as far as the small limits of his purse would admit; for, having drank deeply of the bitter cup of affliction himself, he knew how to feel and pity another's woe!—His loss is truly lamented by all those who were acquainted with his real worth. No man ever was his enemy, whose friendship was worth coveting. His literary talents were universally admired, but by those who were stung by the severe but just censure of his poignant pen. He married thrice: first, Maria Lenore; secondly, Lady Elizabeth Touchet, by whom the barony of Audley descended to his eldest son; thirdly, Ann Ford, his now affectionate and afflicted widow, who inscribes this stone to her ever honoured and beloved husband, as the last mark she can give of her gratitude and unbounded love, to the memory of a man, with whom she lived 30 years in perfect felicity.

Z U L B A R;

AN INDIAN TALE:

By M. FLORIAN.

THE following tale, to which I have made no addition, was given me by one of Tippoo Saib's Ambassadors;—an obliging man, but somewhat of a misanthrope.—I give it a place here, as a mark of gratitude to the ingenious Indian, who lost much time in translating it for me.

"Man, perfidious and base, shall no longer deceive me.—Too long have I worshipped the false virtues he assumes; too long, in order to believe him good, I have been blind to his actions, and listened only to his voice. I was very assiduous in admiring

admiring him at the ſhort intervals, when he took pains to appear eſtimable, and ſaw him not in the continued periods, when he was actually otherwiſe. I am now weary of obſerving that long ſeries of falſhood, ſo obvious after mixing with the world. I can ſee nothing but what is really contemptible in that ſociety of criminals, at once proud and mean, envious and diſdainful; influenced, at the ſame time, by a deſire of praiſe, and a careleſſneſs with reſpect to virtue; by the love of indolence, and the neceſſity of being active: they diſtreſs themſelves to beguile their time, and torment themſelves in order to live. Nature, who has treated them as they deſerve, has condemned them to a multiplicity of evils: but theſe evils are not ſufficient for them; they have combined them together, to invent a thouſand more, in hopes that their neighbours may endure them; and of all their agreements, this is the only one, which they have not violated.

"But why all theſe vain complaints? I reſemble that vile ſlave, whom his maſter ſent into a wretched inn.—" If you fare well,' ſaid he, 'wait for me; in a few days, be certain that I ſhall come to take you away. If you fare ill, nothing hinders your going away with me.'—" The ſlave waited in much diſtreſs, but the fooliſh fellow could find no way to get out."

Thus it was that Zulbar ſpoke; who, though young, had experienced injuſtice and ingratitude. He was then in an extenſive foreſt, in ſolitude and ſilence. A formidable ſtorm harrowed up the ground with torrents of rain and hail: gleams of lightning, at intervals, illuminated with gloomy foliage. The thunder roared at a diſtance; and the wretched Zulbar, fatigued and wet, exiled from his country, a fugitive, in rags, wandered with a ſlow ſtep, with his head bent down beneath the ſhade of the cocoa-trees. On a ſudden, in a paroxyſm of deſpair, he ſtopped, drew his poignard, and lifted his arm to ſtab himſelf, when a voice exclaimed,—" Reverence my life; thou mayeſt render me ſervice!"

"Ah," ſaid he, "I am weary of being ſerviceable; I have found too much ingratitude." Neverthleſs, having ſaid this, he had dropped his dagger; and, by an involuntary movement, advanced towards the place whence the voice proceeded.—Seeing no perſon near him, "Where are you!" he exclaimed, "appear inſtantly!—what is it you want?"

"I want you," replied the voice, "to ſtoop to the foot of this buſh of wild roſes. Look carefully on the ground, and

remove

remove this rose-leaf, the weight of which hinders me from moving."

Zulbar, in amazement, looked on the ground, discovered the rose-leaf, and removing it with the point of his dagger, which he still held in his hand, saw an ant, which, shaking off the rain with which it was oppressed, made an effort with its wings to place itself at the feet of Zulbar. It thus addressed him:

"Generous stranger, I thank you. During a whole hour, that I have been under that leaf, I have only been able to disengage my head. Without your charitable aid, I had, perhaps, lost my life, which would have been very disagreeable, as I am well satisfied with my condition. You do not seem very well contented with your's: I have heard your bitter complaints, and beheld you on the point of terminating your existence.—How agreeable will it be to me, my dear benefactor, to be instrumental in rendering your life more supportable."—"And who are you, then?" replied Zulbar, more astonished than ever, "how is it that you are able to speak and to reason?"—'You would be distressed enough," replied the insect, 'were I to put that question to you. Begin you by relating your calamities; my advice may, perhaps, be useful to you. By what you have uttered, it appears that you have great reason to complain of mankind. I am not at all surprised; they are almost all of them worthless, and yet I have always thought, that, with a little care, it would be possible to elude their malice.—I have hardly seen an unfortunate person, who has not been the cause of his own miseries."

"You are very severe," answered the Indian, "and you will doubtless prove to me that the leaf, under which you were oppressed, fell upon you through your own fault."

Saying this, Zulbar seated himself by the ant. The insect, the better to hear him, climbed up a branch of the wild rose.—Zulbar thus began:

"I am the son of a rich jeweller in the city of Tipra. My father, satisfied with the fortune he had acquired by his industry, did not wish that I should continue his profession. He built a convenient and handsome house at a moderate distance from the capital. He bought the lands which were contiguous, and left me, at the age of 18 years, master of an estate, uniting beauty with convenience;—a charming retreat and plenty of ready money. I had a sister younger than myself, of distinguished beauty, but of a disposition still more amiable. She possessed whatever can conciliate affection, and had all the qualities

lities which justify esteem. Her name was Balkis, and we agreed never to forsake each other.

"Both of us affluent, much beyond our necessities, we determined to employ our property in promoting the happiness of others. Our house, open to our neighbours, to strangers, and to travellers, was yet more particularly the asylum of the poor. Our principal expences, were those of benevolence and hospitality. My sister's province laid in the distribution of alms in private, rendering assistance to the sick and infirm, and giving portions to young maidens who had not wherewithal to marry. It was mine to provide work for those who wanted bread, and to do the honours of our house to those who were inclined to visit us. On all public occasions, our villagers were sure to find with us a plain, but plentiful repast, which was distributed to them in front of our mansion, and of which we ourselves partook. We had also music, and danced together till the evening; and never did our guests leave us, till they had crowned us with flowers, kissing our hands with tears of joy, and entreating Heaven to watch over us.

"For four years I enjoyed this peaceful delight, of which the value is never known till it is lost: I wanted nothing, I wished for nothing. I loved my sister,—she loved me in return. This pure friendship satisfied our hearts. I heard the name of Balkis blessed by those who knew her, and Balkis sometimes heard blessings pronounced on her brother. This was our recompence, and the most affectionate method of making return for our benevolence. Of all mankind, I was doubtless the happiest, when, one morning, I received a visit from a young Faquir in our neighbourhood who came to us every week to recruit his stock of provisions.

"Zulbar," says he, "have you heard the news?"—"No," I replied, "what has happened?"—"The Queen of Tipara is dead. The King has published an edict, by which all the maidens of his kingdom, from 16 to 20 years old, are obliged to meet in a large plain near his capital. In the midst of this plain is a narrow path of the finest sand, upon which, with the extremity of a wand, mysterious characters are traced. All the young women, by turns, are to run over this path; and she, whose swift feet shall not obliterate one of these mysterious characters, is to be Queen of Tipra."—"What is it to me," I replied, "if the King shall select for his wife the swiftest of his subjects?"—"How," returned the Faquir, "will you disobey the King? Must not your sister Balkis also appear at the plain? Her virtues deserve from Heaven to be placed upon

the throne. Think of the glory which must follow, and of all the good she will be able to do. Reflect how her brother Zulbar, whose wisdom and talents are buried in this miserable village, will soon perhaps employ, for the felicity of a whole nation, those talents, an account of which he owes to God.—Remember, also, that religion and morality forbid your opposing the designs of Heaven."

"This conversation threw me into a profound reverie.—My tenderness for Balkis, my hope of seeing her on a throne, of which I knew her to be worthy; the certainty of the happiness she would procure to her subjects; the desire"—"Of being her minister," interrupted the insect.—'This is the motive which decided you, though, perhaps, you did not dare to say so. Ah! I am not unacquainted with the disinterested sentiments which self-love conceals, by which we hide from ourselves our ambition and our vanity. You remind me of a certain fox I one day saw in a trap.'—"See," said he to me, in a complaining voice, "what I suffer from loving my brethren. Passing near this machine, I feared that the bait which it contained, might allure some innocent fox to its destruction. I wished to take away this treacherous bait, and the trap has fallen on myself."

"I shall say no more, Zulbar, I see you are unhappy enough; I beg you will resume your story."

"It should seem that you already knew it," returned the melancholy Indian. "I conducted my sister to the plain, and she it was whom the King preferred.

"From this moment she became mistress of the kingdom, and disposed of all employments. Loaded with honours, courted, feasted, anticipated in my wishes, I saw myself the idol of the Court, and the object of universal veneration.—I was young, rich, credulous, and the brother of the favourite. The grandees and the courtiers thronged around me, heaped caresses upon me, and eagerly contended for my friendship. I was not avaricious; I believed myself beloved, and my affections were expanded. I divided, without reserve, among my new friends, my effects, my credit, and my wealth. I disposed of all my land to bestow on them its value. I incessantly importuned my sister to obtain for them what they wanted, and believed myself sufficiently repaid for my trouble, and indeed my ruin, by the extreme gratitude of those whom I obliged, by the encomiums they heaped upon me, and by the lively sensibility they expressed toward me.

(To be continued.)

Marati's Account of the Church of the Resurrection, in the City of Jerusalem.

I Managed matters so as to be at Jerusalem in the passion week, because the solemnities used upon that occasion are more remarkable than at any other time. People in general are so familiarised with the ceremonies of the church, that I should not venture to describe those practised in the East were they not considerably different from our's. Besides, if they should displease the reader, he may pass slightly over this article, and forgive me for a fault which is natural to the writers of my country.

The sepulchre of Christ, which is open only on solemn days, is in the church of the Resurrection. All pilgrims and devotees come hither to celebrate the holy mysteries, under the protection of the governor, who sends a party of soldiers to escort them; and they enter the church in procession, and with the sound of plaintive music. On this occasion I think it would be difficult for any person, of whatever religion, not to be inspired with sentiments of reverence and awe on the sight of this august temple.

Gloomy, and of an immense size, it is lighted principally by the lamps which are suspended from its roof. The pilasters are become black by the length of years, and no ornaments are to be seen on its walls. The altars and statues of the saints are of coarse stone, and the chandeliers of wood. Every thing used here for religious service is in the simplest and plainest taste. In a word, this church is poor, but it is what a church ought to be. The Deity requires only from man purity of heart, and an exemplary life. Why did Jesus Christ himself live in the bosom of indigence? Was it not to teach the world that religion is inseparable from poverty? I will venture to affirm, that it is an insult to Heaven to display too much luxury and magnificence in holy places. It is assimilating things sacred to things prophane. It is authorising, in the mind of the opulent man, that passion for riches which makes him turn aside his eyes from misfortune. It is, above all, afflicting the heart of the poor, who cannot resolve to bless misery before an altar shining with gold, silver, and jewels.

The company of devotees bend before the stone of unction, which served for embalming the body of Christ when it was brought down from Mount Calvary, and repeat a prayer; after which the priests and assistants worship the cross. Near this is the chapel of the Annunciation, where the officiating priest

sits down, and presents his hand to be kissed; while different hymns are chanted before the altars, which bear the names of the different mysteries of the Catholic Church. The air of humility and attention with which this service is performed, is truly affecting.

All the Christian sects of the East are permitted to officiate in this church, as well as the Abyssinians, the Cophts, the Armenians, and the Greeks.

The procession of the Greeks is particularly remarkable for a great number of standards, on which are represented the mysteries of the passion. The patriarch himself officiates on that day, having as assistants the bishops and priests, who bear flambeaux and olive branches in their hands. At the end of the procession it is customary for the people to break the palms, and to tread them under foot.

It may be readily imagined, that there must be a dreadful discordance and confusion of voices among seven or eight different sects. Each chant their hymns in a peculiar manner, and in their usual language. To this may be added the horrible noise they make with tables of beech wood, to which are affixed large iron chains. Placed in the nave of the church by way of bells, they dash them against each other, and sometimes strike the upper part of them with hammers: These singular instruments are called *simantirions*."

Short Account of General Dumourier.

THIS General was born at Cambray, and has attained the 55th year of his age. His father enjoyed the post of Regulating Commissary in that city, and had sufficient interest to place his son, now Commander in Chief of the Northern Army, in a Royal Military School of Artillery—an art in which he distinguished himself so effectually, and made such a progress, as very early to attain high military rank. At the battle of Crevelt, where he had already the rank of Field-Officer, he received seventeen wounds, by one of which he lost a finger joint.

He was afterwards, in 1768, Quarter-Master-General of the Army in Corsica commanded by General Marbeuf.

In the sequel he was promoted to the degree of Major-General-Commandant at Cherbourg, under the orders of the Dukes de Beveron and d'Harcourt. When Lewis the Sixteenth visited Cherbourg, the Monarch testified his esteem to the

the Commandant, by preſenting him with a ſuperb ſnuff-box, ornamented with his portrait, and enriched with magnificent diamonds.

Previouſly to the commencement of the French Revolutions, and in the courſe of his military advancement, he was ſeveral times charged with political and military negociations abroad; among others, he received from the French Miniſter the appointment of Secretary to the Baron de Breteuil, in an extraordinary embaſſy.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE nobility and courtiers of France (ſays Dr. Zimmermann, in his Eſſay on Solitude, written before the late Revolution) think their enjoyments appear vain and ridiculous to thoſe only who have not had the opportunity of partaking of them; but I am of a different opinion. Returning, one Sunday, from Trianon to Verſailles, I perceived, at a diſtance, a number of people aſſembled upon the terrace of the caſtle; and, on a nearer approach, I beheld Lewis the Fifteenth, ſurrounded by his Court, at the windows of the palace. A man, very richly dreſſed, with a large pair of branching antlers on his head, whom they called *the ſtag*, was purſued by about a dozen others who compoſed *the pack*. The purſued and the purſuers leaped into the great canal, ſcrambled out again, ran about to all parts, while the air reſounded with acclamations and clapping of hands, to encourage the continuance of the ſport. "What can all this mean?" ſaid Dr. Zimmermann to a Frenchman that ſtood near him. "Sir," anſwered the Frenchman, with a very ſerious countenance, "it is for the entertainment of *the Court*." The moſt obſcure and indigent condition, continues this excellent phyſician, is certainly happier than theſe ſovereigns of the world, and their ſlaviſh retinue, when reduced to the neceſſity of adopting ſuch very wretched modes of entertainment.

An ENIGMA, *by a Friendly Society of Bridgewater.*

WHEN the morn is ſerene,
I am oftentimes ſeen,
To "unite in the ſports of the chace;

" Hark! each valley resounds,
" With the cry of the hounds;
" And chearfulness smiles in each face."

Then the swift-footed steed
I do follow with speed,
Tho' I taste not a joy it doth yield;
When Reynard's in view,
I oft quickly pursue,
And join in the sports of the field.

Over hedges, thro' vales,
Over hill and down dales,
Old Reynard I often pursue;
While the horn's chearful sound,
Spreads sweet echo around,
Sets a scene of sweet pleasure to view.

I'm not only design'd,
To pleasure mankind,
Nor confin'd to the sports of the chace;
For I'm here, and I'm there,
At the ball and the fair,
Like an Andrew I mimic each face.

I'm up and I'm down,
I'm square and I'm round,
And in numberless shapes I am seen;
With my mother the sun,
My existence begun,
So my name I shall leave to explain.

*** *We earnestly request our Correspondents to be more careful to render the different Productions they send correct, that we may not be obliged to leave them out on Account of their Want of Merit.—We would also caution the Writers of Enigmas, Rebusses, Charades, Questions, &c. &c. against sending any but such as are original.*

‖‡‖ *Our Correspondents are requested to observe that it is expected they should pay the Postage of their Letters, and that otherwise they will not see what they send inserted.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE PRIMROSE: A FABLE.

By Mrs. MOODY.

FRESH opening to the vernal gale,
A Primrose flourish'd in the vale.
Soft was the tint upon her face,
And simple was each native grace:
So unassuming was her air,
That every flower confess'd her fair.

Upon a neighbouring garden's border,
Where plants were rang'd in beauteous order,
Where variegated Tulips blew,
And where the vain Narcissus grew,
Anemonies of graceful mien,
With Hyacinthus crown'd the scene,
A Daffodil reclin'd his head,
By chance conducted to that bed;
For he, a native of the plain,
Was wont to deck the village swain,
Shine in his hat, or on his breast,
When Sunday spoke him better drest;
And on the rustic's festive day,
When Flora greets the youthful May,
When her inferior bands combine
To make the motley garland fine,
The Daffodil, above the rest,
Display'd his splendid yellow vest,
The rural troop with charms supplied,
To aid the infant monarch's pride.
And how he to this garden travell'd,
A mystery was by none unravell'd.
Some gossip flowers, to taint his fame,
Declare, he in a barrow came;

That

That rich manure conceal'd his face,
And hence this emigrant they trace.
Howe'er the plant his ſtation gain'd,
His honour'd poſt he long maintain'd,
And blooming there, full many a year,
Did with the April groupe appear;
Till whiſpers ran thro' every bower,
That Daffy was a ſtale old flower.

The Primroſe mark'd him as he grew,
Attracted by his golden hue;
Ambitious thoughts her boſom fill:
"Could I but charm yon Daffodil,
"Could I become his happy bride,
"He would tranſplant me by his ſide;
"He would tranſport me to that earth,
"Where flowers reſide of better birth,
"Where I in nobler ſoil ſhould blow,
"And more genteel by far may grow;
"This horrid ditch I ſhould forſake,
"And other intimates ſhould make,
"No more with vulgar Daiſies bide,
"With Dandelion by my ſide;
"But I ſome gay parterre might gain,
"And blend with Flora's choſen train.
"Perhaps ſome choice protected bed,
"With cover'd glaſs may guard my head;
"Or I may breathe in genial ſtoves,
"And live in aromatic groves."

She ſigh'd her wiſhes to the breeze,
As he paſs'd thro' the trembling trees;
The faithful breeze the whiſper bears
To Daffodil's enamour'd ears;
He grateful ſtretch'd his willing arms,
And to his bed convey'd her charms.
With joy ſhe quits the lowly bank,
To dwell with plants of higher rank;
Acceſs obtains to fragrant bowers,
And mixes with politeſt flowers;
Grows intimate with Pinks and Roſes,
And gains admittance into poſies.
Did virtue flow from change of ſtation,
To bleſs this ſoil of cultivation?

Ah

Ah no! the garden foſter'd pride,
With many a baneful weed beſide.
For now, companion of the rich,
She ſcoffs the inmates of the ditch;
Vi'lets and Cowſlips treats with ſcorn,
Tho' neighbours' children they were born;
When in the grove with Amaranthus,
She only nods at Polyanthus;
Calls the meek Snow-drop an old pocus,
And does not even know the Crocus.
All artificial thus ſhe grew,
And none the ſimple Primroſe view;
Her ſtem degenerates from her ſire's,
Enfeebled by exotic fires;
And pleas'd the tattling flowers all talk,
How hideous is her ſlender ſtalk!
For Envy, foe to all the fair,
Impregnated this poliſh'd air.
In the ſweet Lily's fine complexion,
The Piony ſees imperfection.
So ſick ſhe looks, ſo pale, ſo faint;
While that bold flower was ſaid to paint,
Tho' ſome aver that ſuch carmine,
Could ne'er be factur'd with deſign.
The Roſe, beyond a doubt, wore red,
And pretty was the bluſh ſhe ſpread.
The modeſt Roſe muſt needs confeſs,
The Tulip had no taſte in dreſs,
Such vulgar fancy ſhe diſplay'd,
When in her tawdry garb array'd;
None but a ruſtic ſure could think,
Of blending yellow with her pink.

Thus they defame, while thus they mingle;
The double flowers deſpiſe the ſingle;
To charm, the ſingle find leſs power,
And envious view the double flower.
Nor more of bliſs the Primroſe knew,
Than when beneath the hedge ſhe grew;
For there, if Art more wants denied,
Kind Nature, all ſhe had, ſupplied;
The zephyrs fann'd her as they ſtray'd,
The oak reviv'd her with his ſhade,

The hedge ſecur'd her tender form
From the rude bluſter of the ſtorm,
The morning's ſun renew'd her hue,
The evening bath'd her in his dew.

But Nature's bounty vainly flows,
Vain are the gifts her hand beſtows.
Thus man of moſt ungrateful mind,
Eſteems them of imperfect kind,
Practis'd in each factitious rule,
He ſcorns the *pogrum* Nature's rules:
To Art his every thought conſigns,
While virtue ſinks as he refines.

So in the Primroſe it was ſeen,
Changed was her native rural mien.
Chang'd was that hue ſo chaſtly fair,
That modeſt, unaffected air;
Each emblem of an artleſs mind,
In Nature's hedge was left behind.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO CYNTHIA.

[Communicated by a Friendly Society at Bridgewater.]

OH thou! whoſe love-inſpiring air,
Delights yet gives a thouſand woes;
My day declines in dark deſpair,
And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe.

Yet who alas! like me was bleſt,
To others ere thy charms we known,
When fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
That Cynthia ſmil'd on me alone?

Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs;
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies
When others to thy beauty kneel.

Lo! their's is every winning art,
With fortune's gifts, unknown to me!
I [illegible] boaſt a ſimple heart,
[illegible] ove with innocence and thee!